THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE

29 512

May 26. About the place, playing with her baby.
May 27. Went to barter with other women at Tarongen, taking the baby with her.
May 28. Worked in the new taro garden.

The records of the girls are similar to those of the women, they search for shell-fish on the reef, or work in the taro garden, or look after some one's baby, with intervals of doing nothing in particular. The boys spend most of their time fishing, or hunting 'possum, or just playing in the bush, or they may help an older man to shape a dug-out canoe.

512 883

RECKONING OF TIME

The past of these people is enshrined for them in their numerous myths of origin, handed down from one generation to another, and called *wasisio wa kāna*, 'stories of long ago'. They are concerned with the doings of culture heroes such as Morena, who instituted their clans, and taught them the arts of life, as described in Chapter II. Tales are also told of successful raids led by great fighting men, who are remembered by name for about two generations back, generally given with the comment: 'They used to eat man.' The era before the white man began to count as a factor in native life (some forty years ago) is sometimes referred to as 'the time of fighting'. The present is 'the time of the white man'.

773 173 [266]

As regards anything more definite than this, it is practically impossible to obtain any real information. The idea of reckoning an interval seems completely foreign to them. When I tried to find out any such thing as how long taro takes to ripen, or how long ago a certain man died, the majority of people would merely gaze at me in puzzled silence, no matter in what form I couched my queries. My most intelligent informant once said, in discussing these matters: 'We people do not know how to count time. We think in our bellies, that's all.' They take up a plant to find how near the taro patch is to being ready for use, they hold ceremonies when they think they have enough food available. A messenger, carrying a branch of areca-nuts, is sent round to the villages that are expected to attend it, and leaves a nut at each, as an indication that it is time to start. In days of old, this signal was also used as a request to join in a fight, either in defence or attack. If they wish to make an appointment to meet at the end of a designated period, say for purposes of barter, one party to the agreement will give

805 [202] 211

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Nakarib clan, but the clan Natchi adopted her. The Natchi people duly provided the ceremonial currency for Matarē's marriage. But Matarē considers himself a member of the Nakarib clan.

In the olden days there was another way in which a clan could acquire members by adoption. This was the case of children taken in warfare. Adult prisoners of both sexes were killed and eaten. As a reason for not keeping the women, they said it would not do for the women to be taken to live in the villages of their enemies, they would always be thinking of their old homes and would run away. But the small children, both boys and girls, were brought to the village, and brought up in the families of their captors. They were assigned to the clan of the wife of the man who captured them; she looked after them as if she were their mother. They forgot all about their former home, and if they afterwards met any of their kinsmen in another fight they did not know them and could not talk their language. The names of several people to whom this had happened were given to me, some still living in villages along the North Bougainville coast and in Buka, including that of a woman who had been captured as a girl by the man—now in later middle life—who was talking to me, when he was 'a little fellow just learning how to use an axe'.

Members of certain clans are said to be characterized by the position of the lines on the palms of their hands. The correct positions are shown in the accompanying sketches.

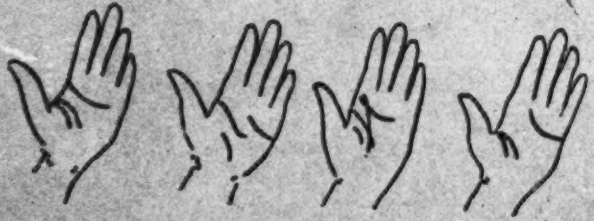

FIG. 3. Diagram showing palms characteristic of clans.

The first three of these were given independently in three different villages, Petats, Kurtatchi, and Saposa. That for Nagi'ai was added by Saposa only. No patterns were assigned to the other clans. It is said that a child will always have hands similar to those of his mother. I looked at the hands of a number of people, and when I

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come Wanias, *wamoa* of a new generation, son of Kakari's sister Rus. At the time of my visit Wanias was about four years old, already completely spoilt by the attention paid to him by virtue of his position. 613

Belonging to the original village of Kurtatchi there is a *tsunaun* lineage of the Nakarib clan. Its head had been Murian, who had died some time before my period of residence. His younger brother had died before him, so the succession passed to Siani, the eldest son of Murian's mother's younger sister. It so happened that Murian and Siani had the same father, he having married two sisters, but this had no bearing on the succession. There are no more brothers, so the office will be handed on to the *wamoa*, Matsi, the son of Murian's eldest sister. Matsi is still a small boy. The first son of his adolescent sister, Nawi, will be *wamoa* of his generation, and will one day be the heir. 613 565

I could get no information as to the origin of this difference between *tsunaun* and commoners. All discussions on the question elicited nothing but that they were *tsunaun* because they were related to people who had been *tsunaun* before them. The only information other than this was obtained from an old man at Tiop, who said that in olden times a man could be made *tsunaun* if he showed himself valiant in fighting. My visit to Tiop was brief, and I had no opportunity of checking this statement with other informants; I give his account therefore with this reservation. 'If a man had killed a great number of men, then it was decided that he should be made *tsunaun*. A raid was made on an enemy village, a prisoner was taken and brought back alive. His skin was cut until the blood flowed. The men who were already *tsunaun* washed the *tsunaun*-to-be in the prisoner's blood. This was done in the presence of all the people, so that all should know that he was *tsunaun*. The prisoner either died under this treatment or was killed, and the assembled people ate him in front of the principal house in the village. After this had been done, if the sister of the new *tsunaun* bore a child, he was *tsunaun* from birth, and so the rank was perpetuated.' 613 565 727 554 566

Some *tsunaun* possessed, in the olden days, authority much wider than that over their own kindred or village. This extended authority seems to be bound up with the state of sporadic warfare that existed all the time, not only between the coast people and those of the interior, but also among the coast villages themselves. 554 565

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605 582 565 Togen and Matarē told me that their marriages were not really in order, but that they agreed because they were afraid of offending Pinari. In spite of this inauspicious beginning, both marriages seem to be turning out reasonably well.

9. *Watʃɪtʃio* (term used reciprocally).

601 This term is applied by a woman to the children of her cross-cousins on either side of the house, that is to say, the offspring of her mother's brother's children or of her father's sister's children, and by them to her. It will be seen that the reciprocal term applies to people belonging to an upper and a lower generation, and that while the lower generation can be either male or female, in the upper generation the term applies to females only.

604 582 684 This is a taboo relationship. The woman of the elder generation may not hold such a child in her arms when it is small, and she must not touch it when it is grown up. She must never eat in its presence. This relationship carries with it a very strong taboo against marriage, which is somewhat striking in view of the fact that two persons standing to each other in this relationship are always of different clans, as will be apparent from the table of kinship terms. I was informed more than once that in the olden days the penalty for extra-marital intercourse between *watʃɪtʃio*, if discovered, was death for both. Members of the woman's lineage would kill the woman, and members of the man's lineage would kill the man. The woman was then eaten by the man's [266] lineage-group and the man by the woman's, no retaliation following on either side. At the present time, they say, all that would happen is that the couple would be banished from the village.

601 604 582 The term *watʃɪtʃio* is also used reciprocally between a woman and the child of her husband's sister (i.e. her husband's *wevnē-*). By extension, it also applies to the child of any other individual who stands to her husband in the relationship of *wevnē-*. But this does not carry with it so strong a prohibition against marriage, which, though irregular, is not impossible. Tahol, married to Tsigot, took as her lover Wasē, son of Rusu, Tsigot's *wevnē-* (actually his ortho-cousin). After this affair had twice resulted in pregnancy, Tsigot divorced Tahol, and Wasē married her. In telling me about this all the individuals concerned laid stress on the fact that she was not Wasē's *watʃɪtʃio tsūn* ('real' or 'true' *watʃɪtʃio*) or the marriage would never have been countenanced.

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593 Sobak treats as if he were his own. She is a hard worker, and lets the other women take advantage of her, making her carry the heaviest loads. Sobak does not make any more demands upon her as regards work than most men make on their wives. He always seems kind to her, and says she is a good wife. I have never heard him talk of beating her. Once she went on a visit to relatives at Hanahan and stayed several days. Sobak was very worried, and told me he was afraid some man there was keeping her away, but all was well when she came back.

Tsonakets has a sister, who was also married at Hanahan, but after her husband's death she came to live in Sobak's household at Kurtatchi, bringing her three little boys. Sobak takes care of them all. In the [576] ordinary way he would have married her, but he does not wish to offend the priest by taking another wife, so he says he is not going to do so.

EXTRA-MARITAL RELATIONS

837 In this society, where marriage at or before arrival at sexual maturity is the rule, it follows that such illicit intercourse as may take place will be between persons each of whom is married to another individual.

837 In the olden days, according to my informants, adultery was 68* regarded as a very serious offence, the penalty for discovery being death to both parties. The man's relatives would be responsible [696] for the exaction of the penalty in the case of the man, and the woman's in the case of the woman, no retaliation being offered on ● [266] either side. An old cannibal of Saposa further stated that the bodies of such offenders were eaten, but at Kurtatchi they said that this final insult was only for those who committed a particularly abhorrent kind of incest (see p. 68). It seems feasible to suppose that the actual state of affairs may have been idealized a little in reminiscence, and that clandestine intercourse was neither so rare nor so drastically punished as report would lead one to believe. In the tales, honour was often satisfied by a fight, and this is a usual outcome nowadays. In some instances, particularly if the advances of the suitor had been unwelcome, he was taken to the beach, where spears and arrows were shot at him. But apparently he was allowed to shoot in return. In answer to questions, arising out of [685] such stories, I was told that this was a true account of what actually used to happen, not merely a made-up tale. It is noteworthy that the same punishment was meted out to any one caught stealing ceremonial currency.

837 Whatever may have been the state of things in the past, there

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852 The next day was entirely uneventful. Wanias played about as
565 usual, and there was no dancing or any other ritual.

On the following day there was great activity in preparation for the evening's events. Four pigs were killed in the early morning, and cooked in the usual manner. One had been killed some days before, and partly smoked, and another was cooked at a house
[435] some distance from the village, making six in all, each worth, to the natives, the equivalent of anything from £5 to £10 in our money, this indicating that the occasion was one of considerable importance.

852 Just before sundown Wanias was arrayed in several lengths of
565 shell currency, which were wound round and round his waist.
436 The ornamented hood was again laid over the two large taro plants, which now had black and red stripes painted on them. Behind, hanging from the roof of the hut, were two lengths of the most highly prized kind of ceremonial currency (*imun*), one made of the
[523] teeth of the flying fox, the other of porpoise teeth. This latter string was an heirloom of great value. To it was fastened a tooth of Pinari's (Wanias's mother's mother's brother) which had recently fallen out; a toe from the foot of Kakari (Wanias's mother's brother) which fell off a short time before as the result of a bad septic sore; and the little finger of a famous enemy.[1] Wanias was
[302] seated on the hood with these relics behind him. His hair was newly painted, red all over except for two dabs of black, one over each ear. All the other small children of the village were painted in the same manner.

852 The women began walking round as before, with the usual yells
565 (*vaaki*). Presently Pesē hoisted Wanias on to the ceremonial pack
602 which she carried, and went round with him seated on it. This is noteworthy, because, since she stands to him in the relation of *watʃitʃio*, in the ordinary way no physical contact is permitted between them. All his maternal relatives then started a ceremonial wailing, as for the dead. Matēv, his maternal grandmother, and her

[726] [727] 266 [1] The story of this little finger is as follows: Sapia, a warrior of the Hahon people who live in the hills, killed Bururuk, a *tsunaun* of the coast, cut off his finger and his mouth and took them back to the hills with him. The coast people killed Sapia in the bush. Mawon, a relative of Sapia, avenged him by killing some of the coast people. Ten men from coastal villages went and lay in wait for Mawon, who was eventually killed by Na'uston, Pinari's *tau* (mother's brother). Mawon was eaten, but Na'uston kept his little finger, in revenge for the similar insult to Bururuk, Na'uston's *kiar* ('brother'), and this is the relic that now hangs on the string of ceremonial currency.

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881 The men from other villages who took part, by invitation, in the
574 *wapi* ceremony, are not invited to these subsidiary ceremonies,
621 which are for the villages of the *upi* group only. But after a suitable interval, usually about a month, there is a feast called *sinēv*, to give food to all the people who attended the *wapi*, in return for their presence and the part they took in shouting and attacking. This is accompanied by a *kōma*. The food, as usual, is not all consumed at the time, but large quantities are given to the guests to carry home with them.

REGULATIONS AND PROHIBITIONS FOR WEARERS OF THE *UPI* DURING THE PERIOD BETWEEN THE *WAPI* AND THE *WATA-WUTJ* CEREMONIES

I. *Concerning women.*

882 Boys wearing the *upi* may not go into any house where a woman
689 lives, not even their own mother's. Their female relatives may prepare their food, but it must be handed out to them through the door at the *tagoan* (men's verandah). A boy breaking this rule
[266] would, in the olden days, have been killed, and his body eaten by the older men. Now they would 'make poison' against him and his father and mother, so that all three would die. This taboo on entering a woman's hut is still most meticulously kept.

882 They may not sit on the *babots* (women's verandah) or go round to that side of the line of huts.

They may not play with the girls and women in communal games, or join a group of which women form part. For example, they were not allowed to join the groups of story-tellers on my verandah whenever there were women present, so in order to induce the women to share in the story-telling I had to fix certain nights on which the *upi* boys were not allowed to come.

882 It is a very serious offence for a boy wearing the *upi* to indulge
834 in sexual intercourse. One or two cases known to my informants
684 were spoken of with the same horror and disgust—which I think was genuine—as was accorded to the worst type of incest. Punishment in the olden days was death for both parties. They said that until recently such a thing was unheard of—that is as it may be.
882 But I am pretty certain that this taboo is still strictly observed,
832 with rare exceptions. The following incident, however, is perhaps worth recording for its bearing on this matter. One evening when

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day the women must leave the village at sunrise, and go to the bush or to the shore. They cannot stop in the village while the work is actually in progress, but they may come back at sunset, when the men have ceased working on the hats for the day, and may sleep in their own huts. The *amro* and the *kwigin* attend at the *tobar*; it is their province to make the hats, the duty of the Hahon people being merely to cut the patterns from the red leaves. These village men are allowed to go to their own huts to sleep, and they are not forbidden sexual intercourse with their wives during this period. The *upi* boys, who would normally be sleeping in the *tobar*, must avoid those in which the work is being done, and find themselves quarters elsewhere. The *tsunaun* of the village sit in the *tobar* while the work is in progress, but take no part in it. No word must be spoken in the *tobar* while the patterns are being cut out. All the time it is essential that the workers should be well fed, and word is sent to the other villages of the group to bring in pig-meat for the men who are making the hats. The *upi* boys collect large quantities of areca-nut and betel-pepper and coco-nuts for them. The work goes on for several days, until each boy in the group is provided with his special hat. When all are finished, the slit-gong is beaten to let every one know that the making of the hats is over.

A story in my collection, related to me independently of any discussion of the ceremony, is here given as it illustrates the state of tension that prevails in the village at this time:

The people were busy making the hats for the *watawutf*. Ten men were cutting the patterns for ten hats. A woman went to cut firewood; she came back, and threw her load of firewood on to the ground. All the men in the *tobar* jumped up angrily. They asked: 'Who is that there?' They said to one man: 'You go and see who it is making a noise with a bundle of firewood.' The man went and saw the woman, she had thrown down her load of firewood. The man saw her. He went back into the *tobar* and said: 'It is a woman, she is throwing down a load of firewood.' The men all got up, they were very angry, they broke the patterns they were cutting. A *tsunaun* said: 'Go and seize her.' Two men went out and seized her; they pushed her into the *tobar*. They asked her: 'Don't you know this thing is very sacred? You defecate into my hands.' (This was explained to me as meaning: 'You don't know much.') Then all the men had connexion with the woman in the *tobar*. When they had all had connexion with her once, they killed her, and cooked her in a pot in the *tobar* and ate her. Then they cut patterns for the hats a second time, they cut ten. When night came, they lit torches;

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764 had been made at uniformity of arrangement, each grave seemed to have been dug at the choice of the persons digging. All were very much neglected and overgrown, but the new cemeteries which are now to be found in connexion with most villages where there is a resident mission teacher are kept tidy under his supervision. Graves in these new cemeteries are marked with roughly carved wooden crosses. Graves in the pagan graveyards were marked with cordyline plants, or, most often, not marked at all, though the relatives knew where they were and pointed them out to me. They [152] did not mind going there in daylight, but only very special circumstances would induce them to go after dark.

No distinction was made in the graves of women and children, and no special portion of the graveyard was assigned to them. [766] Children who die at birth or very shortly after are still buried in the house; for them there is no wailing. Otherwise, children are wailed for and buried in just the same manner as adults. Wailing is not confined to the village in which the person died. One evening the sound arose from a house near my own. Knowing of no death in the village, I made inquiries and was told that news had just been received of the death of Kiots, the sister of Marotē's mother, at Ieta. The wailing went on for a short time only, but next evening it was repeated; the reason then given was 'because Marotē and Pesē are sorry again about their "mother!".'

[762] Persons who die by suicide are, if their bodies can be recovered, wailed for and buried just like any other dead, and I did not learn that any special treatment was thought to be meted out to them in the after-world. Unfortunately, I omitted to ascertain what was thought to be the fate of persons whose bodies were not available for funerary rites.

CANNIBALISM

● 266 766 In the olden days, under certain circumstances, the bodies of the dead were eaten. The bones of such victims were afterwards buried without ceremony, with the exception of the jaw, which was cleaned and hung up in the 'men's house'.[1] There seemed to be no fear of the *urar* of such people returning to plague those who had eaten them.

266 721 Like many, probably most, of the groups who practise, or used

[1] The jaws of pigs eaten on ceremonial occasions are now substituted for human jaws.

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to practise, cannibalism, these people never ate human flesh merely to appease hunger, or as a relish to taro, as other flesh food is eaten. There must always be some sanction behind the consumption of man. With these natives, it was done as an insult or as a punishment, or as a necessary adjunct to certain ceremonies, and the usual victims were enemies taken in war. The distinction is perhaps a subtle one, since those who have eaten human flesh freely admit that they enjoyed it, and although raids seem to have taken place for a variety of reasons, it seems not unlikely that some excuse might readily be found for undertaking one when the desire for a taste of human flesh became strong. It will be remembered that the staple diet of these folk is vegetarian, and that, at the present time, their greatest luxury in the way of food is pigmeat.

One raid was certain to be reciprocated by another, and thus was started a chain of retaliatory raids, first by one side and then by the other, till one or other party tired of it and offered ceremonial currency to compound the feud. They would then say to the other party: 'All right, let us finish now, let us be good friends now. We will come down to see you, and you will come up on top (i.e. into the mountains) to our place.' It will be noted that it is the mountain people who are represented as being the side to ask for a cessation of hostilities, the account coming from the people of a coastal village.

Pinari, *tauwau* of Kurtatchi, told me the following details of a raid in which he had taken part. He could give me no idea how long ago it was.

The people of Gogoiv (a village on Buka) killed two men, Waripa, a *tauwau*, and another man who was a commoner, while they were shooting fish from a canoe. Both men belonged to Tiop. The rest of the people were away at one of the *upi* ceremonies. The people of Tiop asked us to help avenge them. A *tauwau* from Tabut came with me, and we went and raided Gogoiv and killed a man, and took him in a canoe to Tiop, and we all ate him there in revenge for Waripa.

An account of the cooking of a prisoner was given me by an old man at Sapoas who had himself taken part in such affairs.

People used to go out to fight, they would come to a village, they fight, they set fire to the village at night. They see a fine man, they kill him, they take him home and hang him up to a tree. They put paint on him and ornamental plants, they comb his hair. He stinks, but that does not matter, they eat him just the same, the fire makes him good. He stays

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727 266 hanging to the tree for four days and four nights. Then they take him down, and slit up his belly, and wash it, and take out the entrails. They singe his skin, and scrape it, just as if he were a pig. His skin is white underneath. They bury the head, and later on they take it up again and take off the jaw and hang it up in the house. The body they cut into slices, just as we cut up pigs, first they cut it off at the ankles, then at the knees, then at the fork. They cook the pieces in an oven and eat them with taro. This way of cooking a man is called *gohen*.

Some additional details concerning the treatment of a man brought home alive were told by a young Petats man, who got them from his father. He told them with evident enjoyment, and appeared to regret that this sort of thing did not happen any more.

In times before, all the people used to fight. We always won all our fights. They used to eat plenty of men. If a man was taken alive they used to hang him up on a tree and cut pieces off his arm, and his leg, and his shoulder. He would cry out and say: 'Do not cut me, let me go home.' They would say: 'You are not at home now, you are in our place, now we shall eat you.' They did not eat him because they were hungry, but because he was their enemy.'

266 It appeared that the teller's father had not himself eaten human flesh, but had been the son of a great warrior, and, as a small boy, had witnessed the procedure he described. Children were never [858 allowed to partake of it; if they did it was thought that they would 562] become dumb. Women did not usually eat it; the reason given was 'because they were frightened'.

266 Two occasions on which human flesh was eaten as part of a 565 ceremony are known to me. One is that marking the elevation to 766 the rank of *tsunaun* of a man renowned in war (described on p. 47) 614 and the other, the burial of the head of an enemy who had been eaten at the stone structure at Tiop, following the birth of a child to a woman 'belonging to the lineage of the stones' (described on p. 537). There are probably others, which did not come under my notice.

266 Under certain prescribed circumstances the flesh of their own 681 people was eaten. This was in all cases done as a punishment for having broken a strong taboo. The instances known to me are as follows:

266 689 In case of adultery between relatives who stand to each other in the relation of *voatfitfio* (see p. 68). Present punishment—baniahment of both from the village.

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If a boy wearing the *upi* enters a hut in which a woman lives. Present punishment, some one will 'make poison' so that he will die, and no one will know who did it.

If a woman sees the *amro* carrying food to the novices during their seclusion in the bush prior to the first puberty ceremony (see p. 201). Present punishment, all the *amro* and all the *kwigin* have sexual intercourse with her.

Cannibalism is now prohibited under the jurisdiction of the white man, and no longer takes place, even in secret, I believe, among the coastal people. How long it is since the last person was eaten it was impossible to ascertain; most of the older men in the village of Kurtatchi confessed—or perhaps I should say boasted—that they had eaten man, with what truth I cannot say. None of the younger or middle-aged men claimed to have done so. I was told that the practice is still carried on by the people of the mountainous interior of Bougainville, and as these have not yet, in some areas, come under white supervision, it may well be that this is the case.

THE PLACE OF THE *URAR*

This account of the after-world was obtained from Sobak, an elderly man. The details have all been subsequently corroborated in accounts given by other individuals, or in the course of discussions arising out of certain myths and stories.

The place where people go when they die is ruled over by two brothers, named Tosisiup and Magor. Tosisiup is big, Magor is little. The home of both is the volcano called Tupa'i.[1] Tosisiup lives at the top. When he likes he makes fire come out of it. Magor lives under it. When he turns himself there is an earthquake. Tosisiup tells him to stop making the ground shake, because he is sorry for all the people who fall down.

All the people who die go to the volcano. When a man is going to die, fire comes up out of it. Magor prepares food for him and puts fire in the food. He cooks taro to give to the man who dies. The man goes and sits down in front of Tosisiup. Magor asks him: 'What are you doing?' 'I am dead. Somebody has made poison for me.' Tosisiup says: 'Don't you know who it was? I

[1] This is the active volcano in the northern half of Bougainville, which appears on the map as Balbi. It is not the same as the volcano which figures in the beliefs of the Buin of South Bougainville, called Bareka or Bagano (cf. Wheeler, 1914, p. 103, &c.).

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me no information as to whether it had fallen or whether this was its original position.

These stones represent a man and his wife and their two children. The whole group goes by the name of Tohihiu. They are said to 'belong to' a man living in the village, who is of the Nakarib clan; he was described as their kinsman. When a child is born to a woman who is of his lineage the child's mother brings the baby to the place, a pig is killed and cut up, and the stones are washed with its blood. In the olden days it was customary on these occasions to make a raid into the mountains, bring home a prisoner from one of the mountain villages, eat him, and bring his head to the stones with the child: the head was then buried underneath the stones.[1] Then the women would collect quantities of taro 'belonging to the stones'; this would be eaten at the spot. It did not appear that the stones were themselves thought to eat any of it. Whenever a feast is due to be held to mark some epoch in the life of a child of the appropriate lineage, he is taken to the stones, and when the time comes for his skin to be cicatrized, that is done there also. Not very long before my visit a little boy had undergone this operation at the stones. When I examined them there were still traces upon them of the red paint with which they had been smeared on that occasion. (This is not necessarily to be regarded as a substitute for blood, as it is in itself a sacred substance which plays a part in many ceremonial activities, as described in previous chapters.)

Discussion

It was a matter of great concern to me that I could not get more information concerning these stone pillars. I am convinced that the ignorance professed by the natives was not assumed, and that they would have told me more details had they known any more themselves. The surprise of the Iltopan people when I laid bare the design on the stone 'A Pi' was most certainly genuine. It would seem as though the pillars had been set up in times past in connexion with some ritual that has been abandoned for so long that all memory of it has disappeared.

One of the missionaries told me that he understood from the

[1] A short time before my visit fragments of a human skull had been discovered in the vicinity of the stones during some digging in connexion with a new building for the Mission.

unexpectedly and immediately went on board, where his people proposed the plan to him. In his laconic manner he answered: "Good! Do what you want to, but I am on the side of the white men." Obviously the hostile venture did not come to pass, and with the aid of Gorai and the islanders who had recently been so hostilely disposed, they succeeded [5] in setting their schooner afloat again. A favorite expression of the old man was: "To be sure, I have a black skin, but my heart is white." When he died in 1894 one of his last commands was that no slaves be killed after his death--a custom that even today is still practiced in Bougainville and on the Shortland Islands upon the death of a chieftain. A few years ago I was lying at anchor in the little Baniu Bay on the north coast of Bougainville. A great part of the coastal people was absent, as I found out, on a war expedition against the mountain people. On the following morning the whole group, about fifty men, came back and brought along as a prisoner of war a man who was carrying a child about a year old in his arms. Upon interrogation it turned out that, farther inland, they had surprised a number of natives who were quietly working on a plantation; men as well as women had hastily taken flight, and they had not succeeded in taking any prisoners. Since, however, the inland villages had now been alarmed, they gave up their war expedition and retreated to the previously mentioned plantation to pass the night there. During the night they had heard a slight noise and, suspecting an attack by the mountain people, had carefully kept watch; they saw a single man who walked forward, looking around cautiously, until, having reached a banana tree, he picked up a child and then just as cautiously started out on his way back. He and the child had then been silently surrounded and captured. The child had been forgotten by its mother during the hasty flight. When it was finally missed, the father had returned, despite the risks connected with it, to seek and save his offspring in the hiding place known to him; he was more than a little surprised when I bought him free with a few articles and he was told he could return home safely--which he hastily did.

These examples, I believe, suffice to demonstrate that despite cannibalism and other not particularly gentle customs and practices, the northern Solomon Islanders on the whole are not so cruel and wild as they have been otherwise described. They contrast very favorably in comparison with the inhabitants of the other islands of the archipelago, especially with the notorious headhunters of Vella Lavella and New Georgia. To be sure, feuds of greater and lesser duration are not infrequent among neighboring tribes, especially between the coast inhabitants and the mountain dwellers, but on the other South Sea Islands quite similar conditions prevail and it occurs to

[13] Anthropophagy

Cannibalism is not so widespread as is generally assumed. On the Shortland Islands in any case this custom has now been given up completely and no cases have been reported to me from the interior of southern Bougainville. On their war expeditions the Shortland Islanders kill everything that falls into their hands; only rarely are slaves taken. In the mountain villages of south Bougainville the slain enemies are carried to the settlement and hung up for several days in the vicinity of the taboo house. Then they take down the bodies, remove and wash the head, and then store the skull in the taboo house; the body is buried. The skulls one sees in these houses are accordingly not the skulls of relatives, but war trophies; skulls of the deceased are never kept. If you draw a line diagonally across Bougainville--say, from Empress Augusta Bay on the west coast to the deep bay that lies opposite it on the east side--then this forms approximately the border of cannibalism. North of this line signs of it are all too clear, even if the inhabitants of this area were to deny the practice, and they do not think that even this is necessary. No village is without human bones and smashed skulls, and no house lacks the jawbones of the consumed people. In south Bougainville and on the islands of the Bougainville Strait on the other hand I have never been able to find a skull or jawbone despite the most diligent search. This is all the more peculiar since, on Choiseul and the other islands situated to the southeast, cannibalism is in full sway even today. I am inclined to assume that one must ascribe it to the great influence of the deceased Gorai on Shortland that the otherwise generally common practice has become extinct there today. Years ago, coming from Buka, I had on board a number of skulls that I showed to old Gorai; I remember very distinctly with what revulsion he regarded the skulls, and he could not be persuaded to touch them. At that time I thought it only hypocrisy, but after many visits and after the most intensive investigations I have come to the conclusion that, if cannibalism ever prevailed in that particular region, the practice has disappeared today.

In Buka and north Bougainville, as has been stated, no secret is made of the fact that cannibalism still goes on. Years ago on a tour through Buka I spent the night in a hut in Hanahan on the

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northeast coast. I still recall my horror in the morning, when I perceived at my head a long row of human jawbones, and among them a few that had not yet served a very long time as souvenirs. Chieftain Zikan showed me with the greatest obligingness the place at the entrance to Carola Harbor where he and his men ate dead enemies, and numerous bones and skull fragments bore witness to the fact that these festivities were not rare. The above place is the source of a skull that is still in my possession and which had still been the head of a living person not long before I received it as a gift from the chieftain. They told me the name of the owner, and a few days later on the coast of Zoloss (south Buka) I found out that the same man had been a member of this community and had been killed by Zikan's people about four weeks previously. On the island of Keaop in Ernst Günther Harbor in the year 1895 I saw two baskets that contained roasted portions of a human body; in Bagovegove, farther south, two dogs were gnawing at pieces of a human pelvic bone, which could not have been many days old. All over this area I encountered not the slightest inclination on the part of the natives to conceal or to deny this abominable practice.

To be sure, certain rules are observed at cannibal feasts. The corpse of the slain enemy is brought to a certain place--usually to a clearing not far from the settlement. Here it is cut up and various parts are sent to friendly neighboring tribes. The men eat their portion at this place; a share is sent to the women and children, but they are forbidden to be present at the carving, just as they are generally prohibited from entering this place and the hut that stands on it. In preparing the meat, chacun à son goût. Some like to have their portion boiled, and in this case it is prepared in earthen cooking pots with taro leaves and other vegetables added. Others prefer to roast their portion on red-hot stones or over the coals; in [14] this case it is wrapped in leaves. The meat of the arms and the legs is considered the tastiest; the above-mentioned chieftain Zikan told me that in his estimation a piece of the upper thigh was the pièce de résistance.

Cannibalism is the cause of continual feuds. A tribe of which one member has been eaten up by a neighboring tribe does not rest until it has paid them back in the same coin. Tribe members who for any reason whatsoever are killed by another tribesman, are never eaten. If a dispute arises about such an incident, it is either atoned for by payment, or blood revenge demands a sacrifice for the slain man.

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Cannibalism, here as on the other islands of the South Seas, seems not to have originated in the lack of other animal nourishment, but in the need to express the greatest abasement that can be shown to an enemy. To be sure, I know of cases in which cannibalism has become a passion; such cases nevertheless are probably rather isolated. On the other hand, I also know of cases in which natives refused to take part in cannibal meals, not because these meals caused them any moral qualms, but because they simply did not have any taste for this food. On the island of Torotzian the local chieftain is a great warrior who annually undertakes expeditions to Bougainville, which lies opposite, and has no compunction about killing his enemies; yet I know for a fact that he has tasted no human meat since his childhood. He is present when the bodies are cut up, distributes the various pieces, and observes the feast that follows with the greatest composure, without in the least urging anyone else to follow his example. At various times I have asked him as well as his people his reasons for this exceptional behavior, and the sole reason for his dislike of human meat was always: "He does not like it," his people said; "It does not taste good," he said.

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Scarification

Everywhere in the region in question there prevails the custom of scarification of certain parts of the body, whereby certain patterns are produced. On the almost black skin of the Solomon Islanders a tattoo would leave no traces; scarification, however, leaves visible marks and replaces tattooing there. I have the impression that this skin decoration is practiced more frequently in the north than in the south, but even in the north it is not general, and you see a great many individuals without any skin markings.

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Scarification of the skin is executed by men as well as women--the latter, however, seem to have the greatest artistic proficiency; both treat boys as well as girls. The process takes place somewhere between the 7th and the 11th year. For scratching the skin they use a sharpened shell (kappi in Buka). First the face is scarified (A. B. Meyer and R. Parkinson, Album von Papuatypen, Plates 26 and 27); the pattern consists of certain parallel zigzag lines arranged according to a set system. The facial scarification is called

[852]

3: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1932
ON6 Buka ON6
Kurtatchi

539 775 Tchinaleke climbed up a *karao* close to the couple, and they took an axe and cut the *karao* right through, and she fell down, and her bones were broken. The man and his wife went up into the sky. Tchinaleke lies at Lonahan, she is a stone now, she is there always.

[266] Now all the people eat man, if they go to fight and kill some people, they eat them. But they do not eat their kinsmen.

[265] This story was told to me by Pinari, the old chief of Kurtatchi. I have an almost identical version from Sakwon, an old man of Pororan, besides several fragmentary versions. There is also another, quite different, story purporting to account for the eating of human flesh. The incident of people going up into the sky occurs in several stories.

[823] There is a rock at Lonahan, on the east coast of Buka, called Tchinaleke, which the natives say is her body turned to stone. It has a rough resemblance to a limbless figure lying with its head turned sideways. It is a natural formation, but there is a [324] stone pillar of human workmanship at the foot of a *tchiniv* tree at the top of the cliff just above. Pinari said this was Tchinaleke, but the local natives took me to the rock previously mentioned as the authentic Tchinaleke.

G. Camden Wheeler gives a version of this story (*Mono-Alu Folk-Lore*, No. 45) but no connection is indicated with the practice of eating human flesh, neither is the woman turned into stone.

Class III. Natural History Stories.

538 821 In this category I have placed stories accounting for natural phenomena, the moon and stars, the contours of the land, the presence of certain curiously shaped rocks, of caves, reefs, whirlpools, etc. Perhaps the following is one of the most interesting.

How the Moon got into the Sky.

539 821 The people went to the taro gardens. One woman was lazy, she stayed in the village doing nothing. Her husband